

THE RVMP ULULANT; OR PENITENCE per FORCE;

BEING.

The Recantation of the old rust-roguy-rebellious-rampant, And
now ruinous rotten-rosted

R U M P.

To the Tune of *Gerrards Mistresse.*

Farewell
False Honours, and usurped Power Farewell,
For the great Bell
Of Justice rings in our affrighted Ears.
The Gripes,
Of wounded Conscience far exceed all Stripes,
Yet are small Types,
Of those sharp Payns Rebellion justly fears,
See how,
Th' unmasked People hiss us out of Doors,
And call us Knaves,
Because though We, Their Servants be,
We made them but our Slaves.
For since
We layd the Country wast like ravenous Bores,
They seek our Bloods,
Because we prize, their Liberties,
But to devour their Goods.
Our Hands
We dip'd in Royal Blood, to have his Lands
As our Commands,
And made three Kingdoms headless at one Blow,
The Strife
We caus'd was chiefly to cut off his Life,
With curst Knife;
He that was Vertues Friend, must be our Foe.
We made
Religion do our Drudgery to base Ends,
But now we find,
They that do sow Pretences, now
A Harvest of the Wind.
And now
When clamorous Vengeance Calling for Amends
Begins our Grief,
Our Friend the Devil, with his Evil,
Can give us no Relief.
Go search
All Lands beneath the Suns Star-spangled Perch,
You'll find no Church (Chayr.
Like Ours, whilst reverend BISHOPS held the
But those
We knew with our Desigs would never close;
And therefore chose
In their steads to set up *Extempore* Prayer.
Poachd Eyes (Nost,
And words twang'd through a whining Lecturers
Did fill our Purfes,
That many have Rings, and better Things,
Which now give only Curses.
And thus
Hell was our Text, though Heav'n were our Gloze,
And Will our Reason,
Religion we made free of *Hocus* trade,
And voted Loyalty Treason.

Since We
With wicked Arms have made the Crozier flee,
Errour is free, (Prize,
To lay her Nets, to make weak Minds her
All Sects,
Schismes, curst Heresies with stubborn Necks,
Corrupt our Texts,
And Crane up Scripture to maintain their Lyes.
You see
The Crop-ear'd Anabaptist sowing Tares
In every Ground,
Though the Plagues of Warr, wherever they Are
The Church and State Confound.
So do
The Roman Noses vend their Popish Wares,
By Twylight still;
And the Quaker half mad, though he looks so sad,
Grinds in the Jesuites Mill.
Our Drums (Plums,
Did drown your Proceffe, and your Writs; our
Bid kiss our Bums,
We sent your Laws and Persons to the Tower:
From whence
To be deliver'd, 'Twas in vain to Fence
By talking Sence;
No *Habeas Corpus* in the Court of Power.
The Gown
Did stoop his reverend Velvet to a Crew
In short red Coats,
Whom many a Day, Have made you pay,
For cutting your own Throats.
We rob'd
The Whole of Food to pamper up the Few,
Excis'd your Wares,
And tax'd you round, Six pence the Pound,
And massacred your Bears.
But now
Dispayrs black clouds do hang upon our Brow,
For All do Bow,
Their Hearts, to their true Shepheard, *Charles*
(their King.
And We
Their Wolfish Rulers now must Subjects be
To Destiny,
And end our *Junctio* in a fatal String.
Then learn
All future Traytors by our Tragick Doom,
E're 'tis too late;
Lest when you make, Kingdoms to shake,
You Copy out our Fate.
We know
Our High Affronts to Church and State make Room
For Us in Hell;
But yet We'll Hope, till the sad Rope
Sayes, Bid the World Farewell.

Facit Indignatio Versum.

FINIS.